SAY-10 RECORDINGS CO

DOG PARK DISSIDENTS PRESENTS...

MAGNIFICENT BASTARDS

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

DOG PARK DISSIDENTS ARE...

ZAC XEPER

ZEKE XANDER

SKYLAR STRAVINSKY

JOE BOVE

JON GRECO

THE EARTH SCREAMS. IT TOSSES AND TURNS THROUGH A FEVERED NIGHTMARE FROM WHICH IT CANNOT AWAKE.

BOILED ALIVE.

MURDERERS!

Waking daylight
Wasted midnights
Hold on to the face on the phone
As they take your labored breath away
The billowing smoke
The corpse of the state
Justice is postponed indefinitely
Left to hide in our homes
Idly by, all alone
As they murder us
As they die

They feign negligence
They are murderous
And every fear for which
They keep us chained
Is siphoned out our skulls
Claim they pray for us
As they crater us
When they forsake us to the sirens
We will never recover
Everything goes cold

THE ECONOMY PROSPERS. SOUND INVESTMENTS, BULL MARKETS, AND PERVASIVE OPTIMISM.

FOR THE FIFTH CONSECUTIVE QUARTER, THE HOTTEST GROWTH SECTOR IS DEATH AND DEVASTATION.

RUMBLE

WINDFALL PROFITS...

...AS HOMES FALL TO THE WINDS.

WHOOSH

MURDER ON A MASS SCALE, PLANNED AT A CONFERENCE TABLE.

DOG PARK DISSIDENTS
MAGNIFICENT BASTARDS

WRITTEN BY
ZAC XEPER, JON GRECO,
JOE BOVE, ZEKE XANDER,
AND SKYLAR STRAVINSKY

LEAD VOCALS BY ZAC XEPER
GUITAR BY JON GRECO
BASS BY JOE BOVE
DRUMS BY ZEKE XANDER
GUITAR BY SKYLAR STRAVINKSY

BACKING VOCALS BY JON GRECO,
SKYLAR STRAVINSKY, AND ZEKE XANDER

MIXED BY ZEKE XANDER
MASTERED BY JACK SHIRLEY

ARTWORK BY MATTEO MONTERO MURILLO
STORY BY ZAC XEPER

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BUT AT ANOTHER CONFERENCE TABLE, THEY PLOT THE MURDER OF MURDERERS...

You are CORDIALLY INVITED to a BUSINESS LUNCHEON at our DIABOLICAL LAIR located 100 METRES below CEMENTERIO DE LA RECOLETA in BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA on the TWENTY-EIGTH DAY of JUNE

RIGHT! SO WHERE THE FUCK IS ANYBODY?

I'M JET-LAGGED AS PISS. IS SOMETHIN' GONNA HAPPEN?

WE'RE ALL IN THE DARK, CHÉRIE. SAME AS YOU.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS!

CALLED IT!

IT'S THEM WEIRD LITTLE LATIN BOYS WITH THE FOX MASKS. GOTTA BE.

SQUEAK

YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM? INTERESTING.

SHOW OF HANDS, WHO DOESN'T?

DOESN'T WHAT?

KNOW THE FOXES WITH THE GAUCHE TUXEDOS...

WELCOME TO OUR DIABOLICAL LAIR!

MAGNIFICENT BASTARDS

There's been a big red button
Capable of starting doomsday
And all you paid it no mind
Until now guess who's holding the key
You don't think about a thing
Without a bullet in your brain
Don't know about nothin'
Till it threatens to cause you pain
But now you got no right to complain
Now that I have your attention
Ladies and gentlemen, please
I'd like to introduce you
To the man of the hour and me
We got all this lost time,
And not a moment to spare
But we got a captive audience
Trapped inside of our lair
And now we'll force you to care

Do you really think it's true?
What they say about me and Carlo
You didn't really think this through, did you?
No, but we'd never expect less
If you got a thing to do, hit that
Go, the world's breath is bated
Show 'em all what you can do, take usdown
Do you feel lucky?

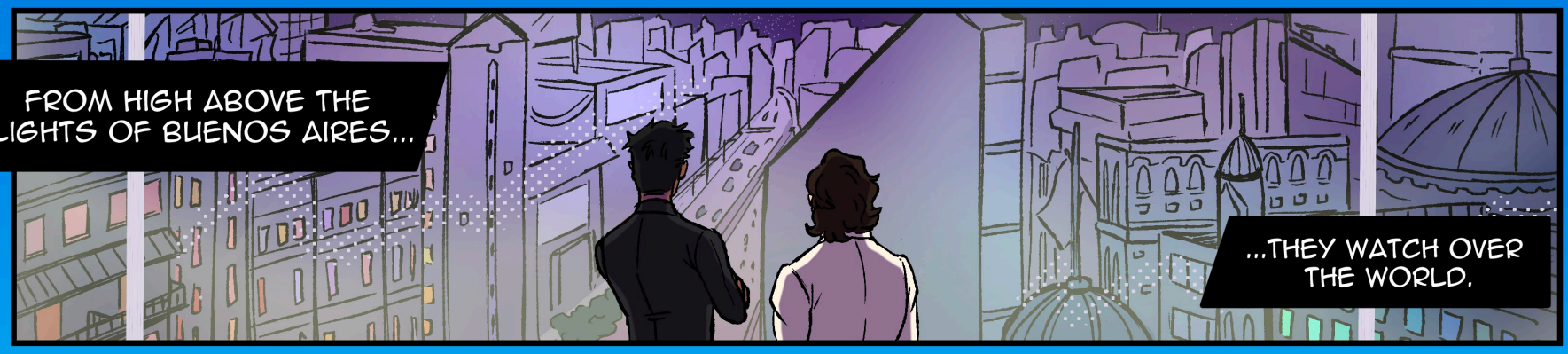
I love to see you plead
The look of terror on all your faces
Is just what I need
To be profoundly gleed
If you don't wanna hear about my evil plan
Let's skip to the part
Where the rich, straight, white, cis man
Saves the world from me

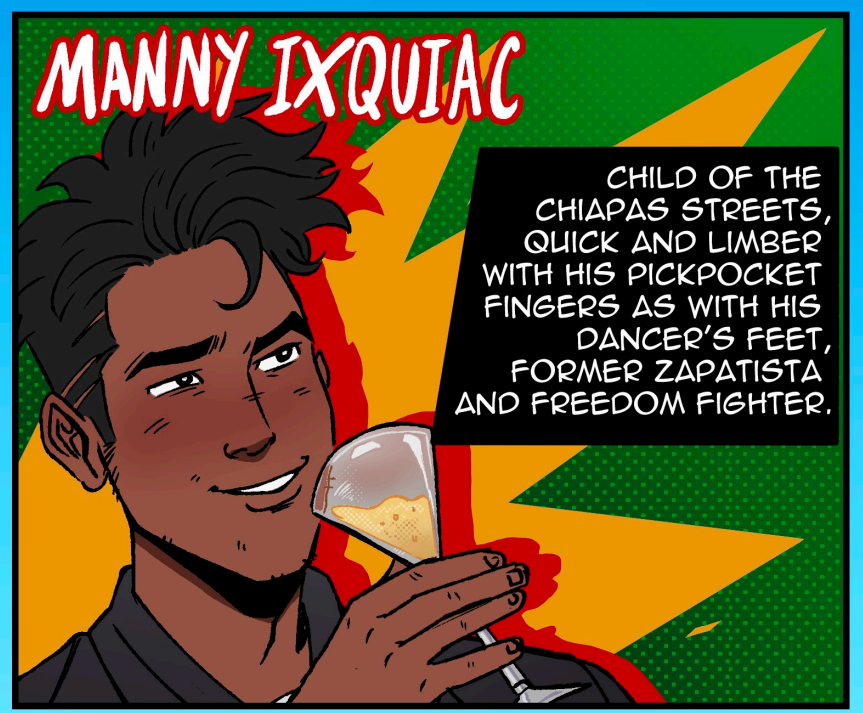
Do you really think it's true?
What they say about me and Carlo
You didn't really think this through, did you?
No, but we'd never expect less
If you got a thing to do, hit that
Go, the world's breath is bated
Show 'em all what you can do, take us down
Do you feel lucky?

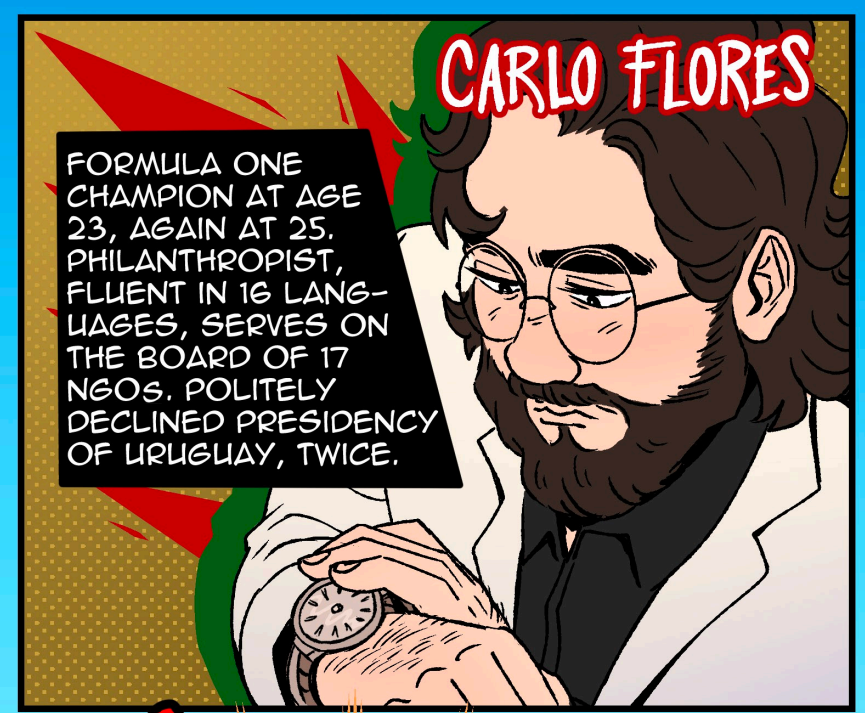
Well it was way too hard
Whipping up a dissent
With everybody acting in an evil intent
Instead we gonna take it
To a greater extent
'Cause he and I are magnificent
In a den of viper venom
We're the cobra kings
Slyer than all the foxes
With our devilish games
You kleptocrats
You thought you knew
From ill-gotten gains
But we are the emperors of everything

And I know, and I know
That the only way home
Is to go down below
Where the bastards patrol
We're takin' on the underworld
And makin' it ours
They say you gotta join 'em
Fuck em, we'll be the dons
If you can't beat them, cheat 'em
Out of their crowns
Think you're evil?
Wish you could be this malevolent
We make sinister into cabaret
Malefic Broadway
Oh! Look at him and I
We are mag-fucking-nificient
And we are the emcees
Of the end of the world
Drop the curtain and the guillotine

Do you really think it's true?
What they say about me and Carlo
You didn't really think this through, did you?
No, but we'd never expect less
If you got a thing to do, hit that
Go, the world's breath is bated
Show 'em all what you can do, take us down
Do you feel lucky?




MANNY IXQUIAC
CHILD OF THE CHIAPAS STREETS, QUICK AND LIMBER WITH HIS PICKPOCKET FINGERS AS WITH HIS DANCER'S FEET, FORMER ZAPATISTA AND FREEDOM FIGHTER.


CARLO FLORES
FORMULA ONE CHAMPION AT AGE 23, AGAIN AT 25. PHILANTHROPIST, FLUENT IN 16 LANGUAGES, SERVES ON THE BOARD OF 17 NGOS. POLITELY DECLINED PRESIDENCY OF URUGUAY, TWICE.

THIS UNLIKELY DUO COMMANDS THE PLANET'S MOST ELITE PRIVATE SECURITY FORCE.
BODYGUARDS TO ENERGY TYCOONS, PROTECTORS OF BANK CEOS...
HITMEN FOR OLIGARCHS.
BUT SECRETLY! THEY ARE...
TANGO!
FOXTROT!
LOS ZORRITOS!

DASTARDLY VILLAINS!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BOOM!

RUTHLESS ECOTERRORISTS!

PASSIONATE LOVERS!

FUEGO!

TOGETHER THEY STRIKE *FEAR* INTO THE HEARTS OF THE POWERFUL!

THEY WILL THROW A *WRENCH* INTO THE *GEARS*...

AND *TOGETHER* THEY SHALL BE...

LOS ZORRITOS

...OF THE *MODERN WORLD!*

CARLO, IT'S *YOUR* LINE!

EHM– *THEY* SHALL BRING DOWN THE *GLOBAL* ...ORDER.

MAGNIFICENT!

WE WERE SUPPOSED TO SAY IT *TOGETHER*...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE'RE SPEAKING IN THE *THIRD PERSON.*

WHOOSH

FLOURISH

¡AY¡ CHINGA QUE –

KA-BLOOM!

CURTAIN!

THE FIRES BURN LONGER, HOTTER, AND BRIGHTER. YEAR BY YEAR, MONTH BY MONTH.

PRIDE 4 ALL! #CAB

AND STILL, STATES CRACK DOWN...

YOU *NEED* TO GET ME OUT! YOU NEED TO GET MY *FAMILY* OUT!

...ON THOSE WHO FIGHT BACK.

STOP! DROP YOUR *WEAPONS!*

YOU *SEE?* WE WERE THINKING *TOO SMALL* WITH JUST *HUNTERS!* THESE FOREIGN *MINING COMPANIES,* WE CAN PICK THEM OFF *ONE BY-*

FOR THE WORKERS TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEET, THINGS GO FROM BAD...

5000 BAHT.

5000? YOU *GREEDY* LITTLE BOY!

MY *VILLAGE* IS ON *FIRE* CAUSE YOU *GREEDY AMERICANS* WANT TO DRIVE A *BIG DICK SUV,* SO *GIMME FUCKING MONEY* OR NO *SUCKY-SUCKY!*

DEATHS CONTINUE TO *MOUNT* AS WET-BULB TEMPERATURES IN DHAKA SET *UN-PRECEDENTED RECORDS* AMID *WIDESPREAD BLACKOUTS...*

...TO WORSE.

MY *GIRLS* ARE *DYING!* I NEED TO *GET OUT THERE!*

YOU'LL DIE *TOO!* THIS IS THE *ONLY PLACE* IN THE CITY WITH *A/C!*

A-AND I *PAID* YOU FOR *OVERNIGHT!*

THIS IS *OUR HOME!*

YET STILL, THE RESISTERS PERSIST...

...IN THE FACE OF HOPELESSNESS.

FUCK OFF OIL!

THIS IS *OUR LAND!*

BLAM

BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.

PUNCH

BUT THEN...

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU *PISSED OFF* THE *WRONG PEOPLE!*

WELL. *RIGHT* PEOPLE.

Y'ALL BROKE INTO MY *MOMMA'S HOUSE* AND *TOOK* ME INTO THE *NIGHT.* I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO SAY *GOODBYE* TO HER! SHE THINKS I'M *DEAD!*

WE ARE ON THE *SAME SIDE.* THE REASON WE *BROUGHT* YOU ALL HERE IS TO RECRUIT YOU FOR A *MISSION.*

EHH-UHMM-

STOP *TALKING, BRAH! RIGHT* THE FUCK *NOW!*

A *MISSION* TO...

PLEASE.

ONE YEAR LATER, IN THE DIABOLICAL LAIR...

WHO THE *FUCK* ARE YOU?

WE'RE HERE TO *KILL* YOU.

WELL. *PRETEND* TO KILL YOU.

WE ARE *GATHERED-*

ENOUGH!

ATLAS'S SUICIDE

So lemme get this straight
You put a poison in the rain
And then you set the woods aflame
So that you could make your numbers
Bigger than everyone else's numbers
At what point did you decide
That power alone wasn't worth your time?
It's Atlas's suicide or it's nothing for you
But I can't get off of your ride

I can't fucking breathe
Without a biohazard mask across my mouth
'Cause the toxic flood
About to inundate my hometown, yeah
I can't see the sun without a hazmat bodysuit
To shield myself from the world outside
As I watch 'em burning it to the ground, yeah

And when you are able, able, able
Could you nurse me back to health
'Cause this dying planet can't
And when I am stable, stable, stable
Can you assure me that this hell
Is something less than permanent?

So tell me all of the truth
When you found out what it would do
Did you stop for a second to choose
To be a monster
Or have you always been
Just a scared little snakelet
In a suit too big for you
You own everything but your malevolence
You couldn't handle it if you tried
I wanna laugh, but I can't even cry

I can't fucking breathe
Without a biohazard mask across my mouth
'Cause the toxic flood
About to inundate my hometown, yeah
I can't see the sun without a hazmat bodysuit
To shield myself from the world outside
As I watch 'em burning it to the ground, yeah

And when you are able, able, able
Could you nurse me back to health
'Cause this dying planet can't
And when I am stable, stable, stable
Can you assure me that this hell
Is something less than permanent?

Tell me there's something after
Tell me there's something after this
Tell me they haven't killed us
Give me a reason to persist
Tell me there's something
Tell me there's life in the ashes
Something to believe in

When I can't fucking breathe
Without a biohazard mask across my mouth
'Cause the toxic flood
About to inundate my hometown, yeah
I can't see the sun without a hazmat bodysuit
To shield myself from the world outside
As I watch 'em burning it to the ground, yeah

And when you are able, able, able
Could you nurse me back to health
'Cause this dying planet can't
And when I am stable, stable, stable
Can you assure me that this hell
Is something less than permanent?

When you are able, able, able
Could you nurse me back to health
Because this murdered world can't
And when I am stable, stable, stable
Can you assure me that this hell
Is something less than permanent?

SAVE THE WORLD

AUDREY GARIMARA: BORN IN A MARTU ABORIGINAL VILLAGE, NOW BASED IN PERTH. HEIR TO HER GRANDMOTHER'S (DECEASED, KIA) OPERATION SMUGGLING REFUGEES INTO AUSTRALIA. ACE HELICOPTER PILOT.

ZHAZIRA TANNAGACHEVA: ATTENDED NOVOSIBIRSK UNIVERSITY WHILE DISRUPTING COAL MINES ON INDIGENOUS SIBERIAN LANDS. FLED TO TALLINN AFTER DEEMED ENEMY OF THE STATE. ASSUMED NEW IDENTITY AS A SOCIALITE TO INFILTRATE RUSSIAN OLIGARCHS' INNER CIRCLES FOR INTEL.

PRIYA HASINA: GURU OF A HIJRA COMMUNITY IN DHAKA, BANGLADESH. THEIR SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE 2027 HEAT WAVE. VOWS REVENGE. DEMOLITIONS EXPERT.

BIJOUX REYNARD: TWO-SPIRIT ACTIVIST FROM NORCO, LOUISIANA. MILITANT DIRECT ACTION ORGANIZER AGAINST ATCHAFALAYA BASIN PIPELINES. AS GOOD WITH A RIFLE AS SHE IS WITH A BULLHORN.

YVES NKOFO: SAPEUR EXTRAORDINAIRE, LGBT RIGHTS ACTIVIST, AND VIGILANTE. FAMED IN KINSHASA, DRC FOR HIGH-ENERGY PARTIES AND THE NUMBER OF BILLIONAIRE ELEPHANT HUNTERS HE'S SHOT.

[NAME UNKNOWN]: FACED ANTI-UYGHUR PERSECUTION FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, THEN CAUGHT HACKING AND SABOTAGING COAL PLANTS. FLED XINJIANG TO LIVE WITH THEIR GIRLFRIEND IN ISTANBUL. HACKED ZORRITOS SYSTEMS AFTER THAT.

ANAN DAO: LEFT HIS HOME OUTSIDE NONG KHAI, THAILAND AS A TEENAGER TO WORK OFF HIS FAMILY'S DEBTS IN BANGKOK GO-GO CLUBS. SPECIALIZES IN HIGH-RISK, HIGH-PAYING CLIENTS. AND KNIVES.

SAVE THE WORLD

They're pouring gilded kerosene
In flutes of champagne, overflowing onto us
They'll make us into refugees
To wander through a world
That's turned to dust
They're burning us in effigy
That's you and I
On boardroom slides in cuffs
They're laughing at us every day
And they don't think we'll say, "enough"

But I won't yield, I'll make it real
That righteous world you've made me feel
Inside of me, I know it can be
I swear I'll make you see that
We'll make a difference, I know of this
We'll mold the world to our view
We'll end all injustice, malevolence
Dethrone the tyrants that rule
I will save you if it's the last thing I do
Darling, we'll make our dreams come true
And save the world

In a generation came of age
Agaze into the abyss
No shred of hope on which to reminisce
But stories written in their blood
Our parents' dying words
We'll light the pages with our rage
And make these fuckers burn
Let's do it!

Get a grip on the future
'Cause we don't have to die
We'll take control of our future
And we won't run and hide
Give it all our rigor and vigor
They're in for an insurrection
Come on and save the world with me

They can play a game of shame and blame
For the plagues that they inflict
We did this to ourselves, they all insist
But we are not the crisis
No one asked us if we liked this
That gasman's gaslight, snuff it out
We all deserve to live, goddamn it!

Get a grip on the future
'Cause we don't have to die
We'll take control of our future
And we won't run and hide
Give it all our rigor and vigor
They're in for an insurrection
Come on and save the world with me

From catastrophe to catastrophe
(No break, no break, no break)
Spiraling genocidally
(We all know where this leads)
But we can fight to save our friends
No this isn't how it ends
They can drag us out to the verge of death
And we'll kick them all off of the edge

We'll make a difference, I know of this
We'll mold the world to our view
We'll end all injustice, malevolence
Dethrone the tyrants that rule
I will save you if it's the last thing I do
Darling, we'll make our dreams come true
And save the world
We'll take control of our own future
Make these fuckers burn!

We'll make a difference, I know of this
We'll mold the world to our view
We'll end all injustice, malevolence
Dethrone the tyrants that rule
I will save you if it's the last thing I do
Darling, we'll make our dreams come true
And save the world

I won't yield, I'll make it real
This righteous world you've made me feel
Inside of me, I know it can be
So take my hand and
Save the world with me

FEATURING VOCALS BY JON GRECO
FLUTE BY TRACER HAYDEN

SO YOU'RE THE FUCKER WHO OFFED THAT SAUDI PRINCE'S KID, EH?

BLOODY PRICK. SERVES HIM RIGHT. I WATCHED THAT CUNT TRASH THREE DIFFERENT GAY BARS IN PERTH, Y'KNOW.

GOD, HE WAS INSUFFERABLE.

HE TOLD ME I WAS HIS FAVORITE.

HE STARTED TO SAY HE WAS IN LOVE WITH ME.

YOU'RE MY SWEET LITTLE MOONLIGHT... I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU.

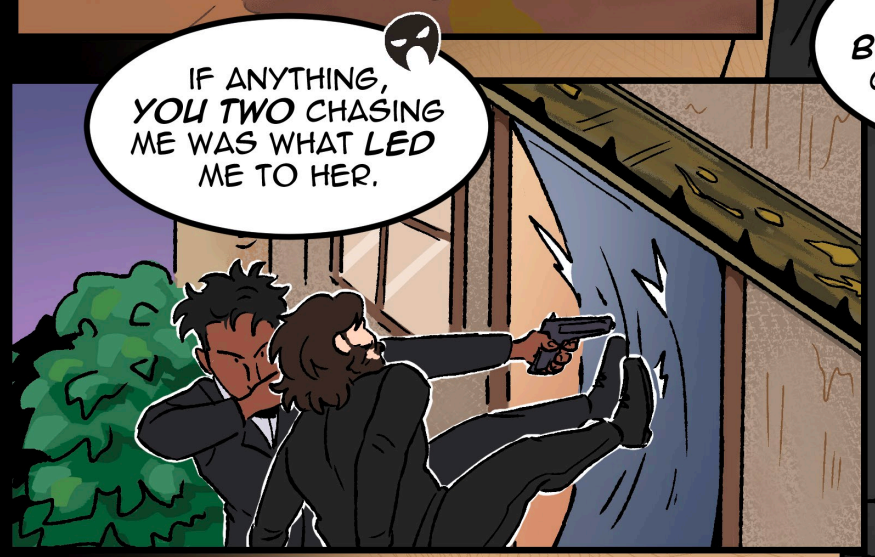
SO HE STOPPED PAYING ME.

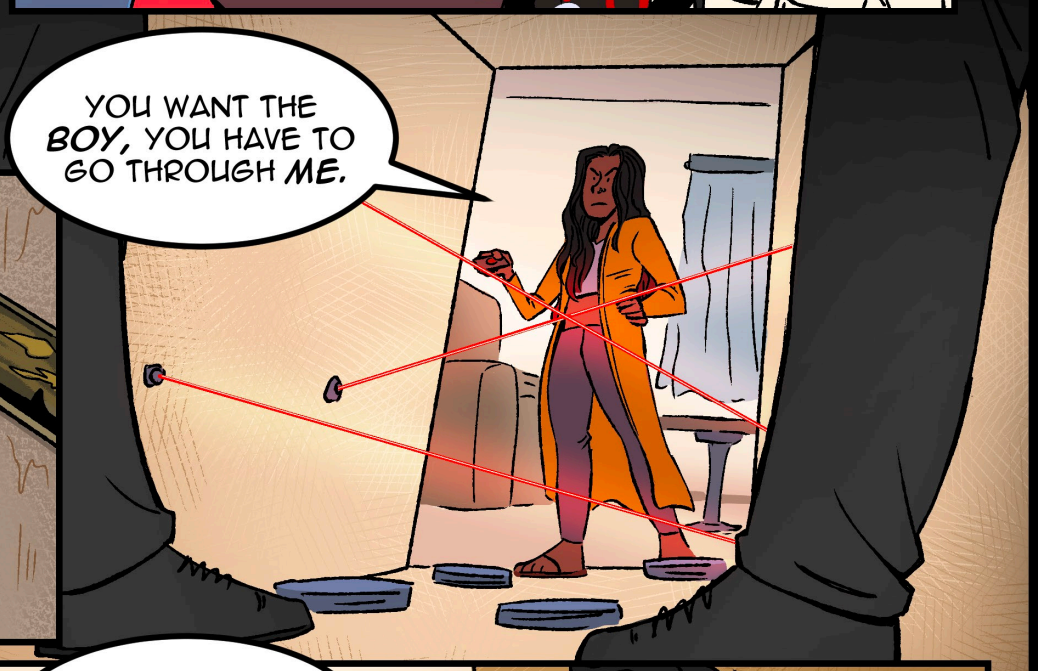
"YOU'RE NOT JUST A THING TO ME, MOONLIGHT!" HE SAID.

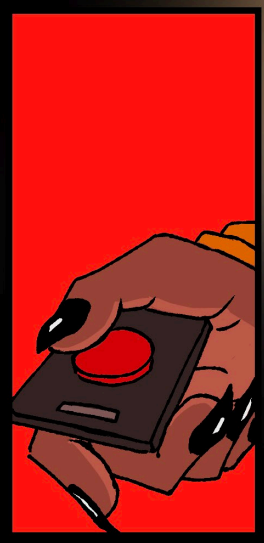
"I DON'T WANT TO BUY YOU!"

DIDN'T WANT TO BUY MY FAMILY BACK THEIR FARM AFTER HIS DADDY'S HEATWAVE SCORCHED THE SOIL.

SNAKE.







THE THREAT OF DEATH AND STARVATION IS NOT THE GLUE HOLDING CIVILIZATION TOGETHER

You told me I was your favorite
You told me, get on a bus tonight so you
Could watch the sunset over the Mekong
While I get you off and hope you tip me
Tattooed triple V, "Viva Vang Vieng"
Across your chest
Nostalgic for temples turned to playgrounds
Where all your drunken friends
Could hit their heads and die
You're not as rich as the nerve it takes to stiff
You shed a penthouse for that backpack
LARPing poverty in knockoff saffron robes

I hate the way that you rip off my clothes
While you snort your coke
Through daddy's money that he stole
Well you taste like
You need this knife
In your face
If you won't pay for my time
At least pay for your crimes

These suits don't care about you
In their world, you have no value
Well, I'll show you fucking value
Gold chest, your store of value
Well, I'll store this blade inside you
Go long on shoving it through

There is profit in all of us
You are the mountain to be stripped and mined
Your body is a temple to be ransacked
Oh oh, your body is a sacred artifact
You are the most valuable thing to me
'Cause all of them can hold me, touch me
But you know me and love me
Can we ever get away from the bottom line?

Oh, mama, gimme your shelter
From the neoliberal order
Where there's profit in all of us
There's profit in all of us
But to even argue for the love that we're denied
Every kiss on the lips must be quantified
Fluent in the language of the vampires
Defend a dissertation on our lives
While staring down a firing line
Rows and columns in a ledger
All the violence is measured
Stealing on a civilizational scale
Our mere survival's for sale
If you won't pay for my time
At least pay for your crimes

These suits don't care about you
In their world, you have no value
Well, I'll show you fucking value
Gold chest, your store of value
Well, I'll store this blade inside you
Go long on shoving it through
When I show you fucking value

God damn, you're bleeding value
Short sell your heartrate now, fool
Stop loss on your open wound
What happened to your value?

FEATURING VOCALS BY
SKYLAR STRAVINSKY

"WE"

"We" didn't start the war
("We" didn't start the war)
Nah, "we" didn't start the war
("We" didn't start the war)
It was the man with the plan
In the eight grand suit
Who picked a -stan to go blam
Just to keep up the ruse
He made demand out of sand
Said it came from you
A pseudo-democratic spectacle for revenue
No, we didn't start the war
All we did was put up with it
No more!

Don't wanna take collective blame (No more!)
For injustices done in our name (No more!)
It started all before we were born (No more!)
And now we'll make it never
Ever, ever happen anymore

"We" didn't burn the oil
("We" didn't burn the oil)
Nah, "we" didn't burn the oil
("We" didn't burn the oil)
It was execs with effects
Costin' more than your house
Who wrote the checks for the techs
They could shove in your mouth
And to arrest the oppressed
Who would dare make a sound
You drive a car or you starve
And you get in the ground
No, we didn't burn the oil
All we did was put up with it
No more!

Don't wanna take collective blame (No more!)
For injustices done in our name (No more!)
It started all before we were born
And now we'll make it never
Ever, ever happen anymore
Shouldn't be our job to fix
But they left us all stuck with this shit
Insisted we be complicit, no more!
We'll never, ever, ever let 'em get away with it

"We" didn't make the law
("We" didn't make the law)
No, "we" didn't make the law
("We" didn't make the law)
No, "we" didn't make it, "we" didn't take it
"We" didn't break it, "we" didn't fake it
"We" didn't shoot, and "we" didn't burn
And "we" didn't jail, and "we" didn't murder
We don't need to wallow in guilt
We didn't do the shit we've been dealt
We don't need to perform remorse
We need to cut this off at the source!
No more!

Don't wanna take collective blame (No more!)
For injustices done in our name (No more!)
It started all before we were born
And now we'll make it never
Ever, ever happen anymore
Don't get down on your luck
Humanity is not a fuck
It's like, a thousand assholes, tops
And now we'll get together
And we'll make these motherfuckers stop

Don't take collective blame (No more!)
For injustices done in our name (No more!)
It started all before we were born
And now we'll make it never
Ever, ever happen anymore
Don't waste your time on feeling bad
Murder victims don't care if you are sad
They were dead before we were born
No more! We'll make it never
Ever, ever, ever, ever happen no more

SOUSAPHONE BY JON GROSS
FROM THE TREME BRASS BAND

MEANWHILE...

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

OH, MR. PRESIDENT!

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

CENTRIST MOAN

I MAY BE A LESBIAN, BUT FOR THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE ENTIRE WORLD?

DRONES ARE A GO.

CLACKITY CLACK

KA-BOOM!

STAB!

EAT SHIT!

THWIP!

THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH COMES AT THE END OF A BLOODY SUMMER OF HIGH-PROFILE KILLINGS AND SUSPICIOUS DEATHS OF ENERGY EXECUTIVES AND BANKERS.

BREAKING: POTUS

PRESIDENT LATEST VICTIM OF VI

SOURCES WITHIN THE PENTAGON SPECULATE THESE SERIAL KILLINGS MAY BE THE WORK OF CHINESE OR IRANIAN...

...US BLACK OPS AGENTS...

CCTV 中国中央电视台 CHINA CENTRAL TELEVISION

CCP GENERAL SECRETARY FOUND DEAD

...PALESTINIAN...

...ISRAELI...

JUST ONE MORE SECOND...

...PAKISTANI...

...RUSSIAN...

RETURN

CLACK

WE'RE LIVE!

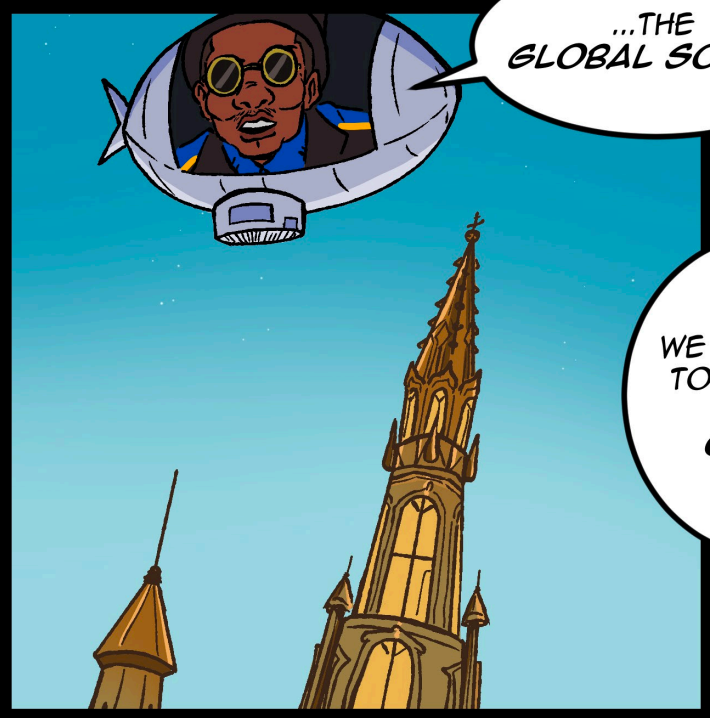
BOPETO

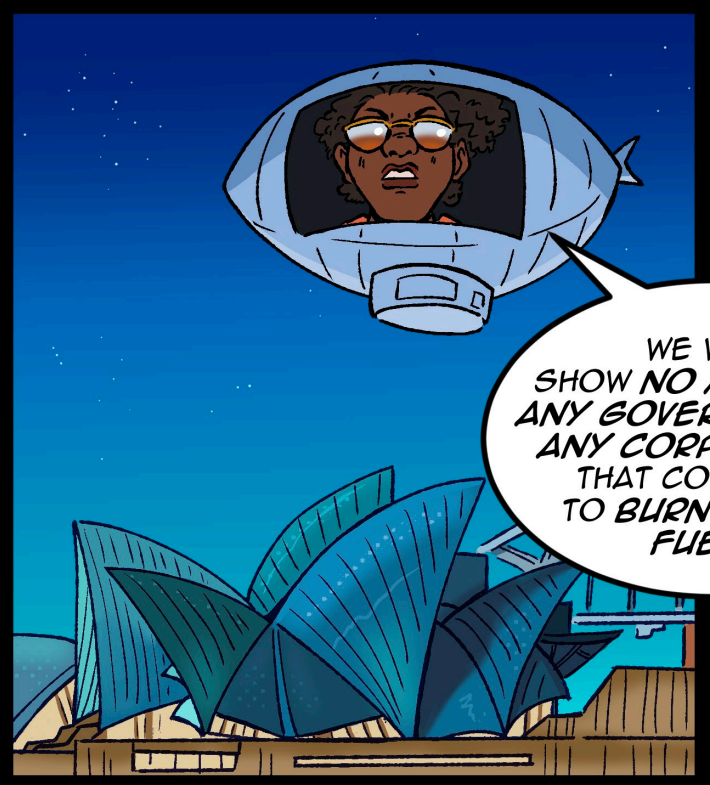
PEOPLE...

...OF THE...

TSUTAYA

...WORLD! WE ARE LOS ZORRITOS!





VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ANSWER BUT IT'S A GOOD OPENING STATEMENT

Slipping through the woods
To put a metal spike
In every hundredth tree
You don't have to trap 'em all
To make their profits fall
They lay their chainsaws down
That's when we pick 'em up
And swing 'em at their necks
The old money forest felled
Send them all to hell

We're not concerned with you
And your sanctimonious cries
'Bout how what we're doin' ain't right
We don't give a damn about you
It's cute that you think that you matter enough
To fear the guillotine

You would take a bullet for the oil men
But they don't know who you are
You are not a member of their guard
You fail as a collaborator
You will be safe if you don't get in our way
Which you won't, you can't, come on
We'll never see your face when we take aim
The razor's edge will never know your name

Quadrocopter blades
Approaching private planes
Of hydrofracking heirs
Into the exhaust they go
All four engines blow
They plummet down to Earth
Where the acidic ocean
Drowns them in their leather seats
We can't hit them all
But they have been warned

And still we're not concerned with you
And your sanctimonious cries
'Bout how what we're doin' ain't right
We don't give a damn about you
It's cute that you think that you matter enough
To fear the guillotine

You would take a bullet for the oil men
But they don't know who you are
You are not a member of their guard
You fail as a collaborator
You will be safe if you don't get in our way
Which you won't, you can't, come on
We'll never see your face when we take aim
The razor's edge will never know your name

We're not trying to win an election
We're not trying to stir up the masses
We're doing targeted sabotage
Of an opposing force
And we're not asking for your support
If you've decided that you're
Not on our side
Then we've decided that you're
Not worth our time
And we'll save the world without you
We don't give a damn about you

We're not trying to do propaganda
We're not firin' these bullets in revenge
We're doing targeted sabotage
Until we save the world
And then we're packin' it up for good
Because I ain't no pacifist
But I ain't no masochist
And I don't wanna feel the pain
Of another open vein in vain

But that equivocation is for my own sake
And I don't give a damn about you
(You would take a bullet for the oil men)
(But they don't know who you are)
You are not a member of their guard
You fail as a collaborator
You will be safe if you don't get in our way
Which you won't, you can't, come on
We'll never see your face when we take aim
The razor's edge will never know your name

ROCKET TO MARS

I got the feds in my pocket
And a rocket to Mars, hey hey!
Baby I did it all for you
I built it all from my yacht
While my money made me more money
Baby Baby I did it all for you
So we can live up in the stars
When the Earth is aflame one day
Babe, I did it all for you, oh well

Babe, I'll get you anything your heart ever sought
I'll buy you the White House if that's what you want
I can do it! There's nothing that money can't buy
Except for what takes blood
But either way, honey, I'll provide
We can take all we wanna and we don't have to care
If we blow up the world, we can go somewhere
I got the feds in my pocket
And a rocket to Mars, hey hey!
Babe, I did it all for you, oh well

We'll wake up in Monaco
And stop for lunch in Singapore
We'll party in my Bangkok penthtouse
Then head to California for more
Then vamanos to Punta del Este
Where we don't have to get of the boat
No no! And by the nightfall
We'll hit the Cape Town coast
With all of our emissions
Trailing us like a ghost

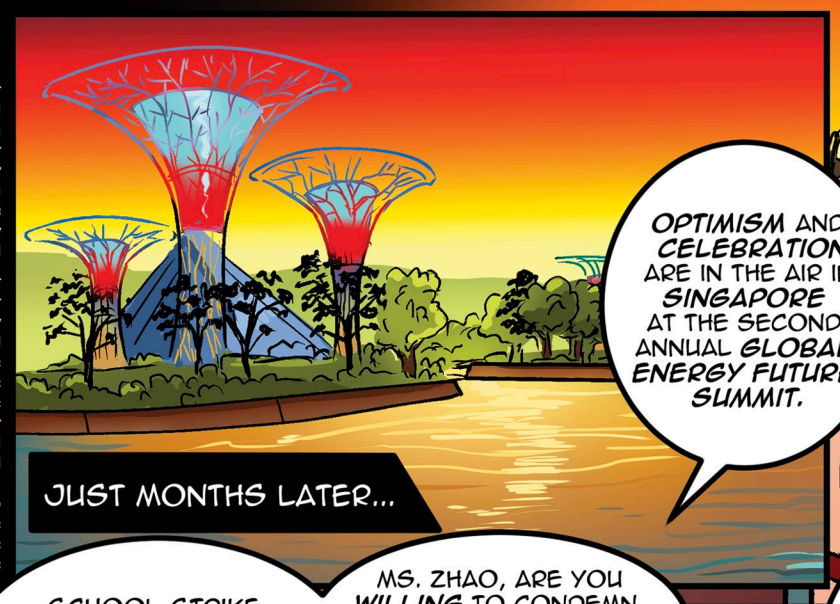
We gonna run from the storm
While another's kickin' up in our wake
Baby, that's right
We gonna drain this fuckin' planet
Throw a soiree till the Earth runs dry
Pass the caviar
We'll play a little game of pretend
We'll make 'em some cars that run clean
Who cares if it's too late?
'Cause I got the feds in my pocket
And a rocket to Mars, hey hey!
Babe, I did it all for you

Have you ever been serenaded
In the gleam of an emerald mine?
No I'm not gonna sing to you, babe
But I could pay a guy
Get in my limo
Don't look out the window
At the manic dramatic anti-capitalists
Aiming that guillotine blade at our throats

I got the feds in my pocket
But my rocket to Mars won't fly
And baby they're bangin' down my door
They'll put my head on a pike
And make my bod'
Into a puppet on a string
Down without a fight
I don't know where
I'm gonna run no more
I guess you gotta find your own way
Oooh, I didn't this through
I got the feds in my pocket
And a rocket to Mars, hey hey!
Babe, I did it all for you

(He's got the feds in his pocket
And a rocket to Mars, hey hey!)
Ooh, my baby, my baby, my baby
My baby, my baby, my baby
My baby, my baby, come on
(He's got the feds in his pocket
And a rocket to Mars, hey hey!)
Oh yeah! Hey hey!
How could this happen to me?
What'd I ever do to deserve it?
(He's got the feds in his pocket
And a rocket to Mars, hey hey!)
No no! No no!
I didn't, I didn't, I didn't, I didn't
I did not do nothin' wrong!
(He's got the feds in his pocket
And a rocket to Mars, hey hey!)
I'm the best! I'm a hero!
And I did it all for you!

Oh shit! They're coming!
Fuck!



JUST MONTHS LATER...

OPTIMISM AND CELEBRATION ARE IN THE AIR IN SINGAPORE AT THE SECOND ANNUAL GLOBAL ENERGY FUTURE SUMMIT.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SECURITY PRESENCE PATROLS THE COUNTRY TONIGHT TO KEEP HUNDREDS OF KEY PLAYERS FROM TECH AND ENERGY SECTORS SAFE AND COMFORTABLE AT THIS LAVISH GALA!

SCHOOL STRIKE ORGANIZER STACY ZHAO STILL CRITICIZES THE SUMMIT FOR NOT GOING FAR ENOUGH.

MS. ZHAO, ARE YOU WILLING TO CONDEMN THE TERRORISTS KNOWN AS LOS ZORRITOS?

I'M LITERALLY 13 YEARS OLD.

STOP OIL!

WE'RE PROUD TO SEE THE LEGACY FOSSIL FUEL SECTOR IS FINDING SUCCESS IN GRADUALLY PIVOTING TO LITHIUM EXTRACTION, GEOTHERMAL DRILLING, AND ASTEROID MINING INITIATIVES.

GOING INTO THIS NEXT MAJOR INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, TITANS OF 20TH CENTURY ENERGY CAN RETAIN VALUE FOR THEIR SHAREHOLDERS, AND BE A PART OF THE FUTURE.

AS WE STRATEGICALLY EMIT ADDITIONAL CARBON TO ENGINEER MANAGED WARMING OF THE ARCTIC REGION, GLOBAL SHIPPING AND LOGISTICS EFFICIENCY GROWS BY-

AND HERE'S OUR NEXT KEYNOTE SPEAKER!

HELLO! MY NAME IS PUTIN AND I MAKE STINKY FARTS FROM MY BUTTHOLE!

BLAM!

APARTHEID!

HA! VLADIMIR POOTIN'! HE POOTS! AHAHAHA!

BOPETO

NO MORE OIL DRILLING! NOT ONE DROP!

KEEP IT IN THE GROUND OR GET IN THE GROUND!

FUCKING...W-WE TOLD YOU!

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US?! WHY DO YOU KEEP KILLING US?!

FART JOKES? REALLY? CRASS!

UNCLENCH YOUR ASSHOLE, YOU'RE SO UPTIGHT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

I WILL NEVER LET YOU RUN A SHOW AGAIN! THIS IS CHAOS! THERE IS NO DRAMA!

MOONSLICE! HEADS UP!

IT'S MOONLIGHT!

WHAT'S THAT, MOONSLICE?

MOON FUCKING LIGHT!

THOONK!

HA! YA MISSED!

FUCK YOU!

HIJOLE, THESE FUCKING CHILDREN....

THEIR TARGETS FALLING, THEIR NOTORIETY GROWING, THE TRIUMPHANT ZORRITOS TAKE TIME TO THROW THEIR OWN LAVISH GALA...

I'LL *KILL HIM!* HIS *SUIT* IS *SNAZZIER THAN MINE!*

MANNY, *CALM DOWN!*

I SAVE HIS LIFE *HOW MANY TIMES,* AND HE *DARES* UPSTAGE ME AT *MY PARTY?!*

MANNY, IT'S *EVERYONE'S* PARTY!

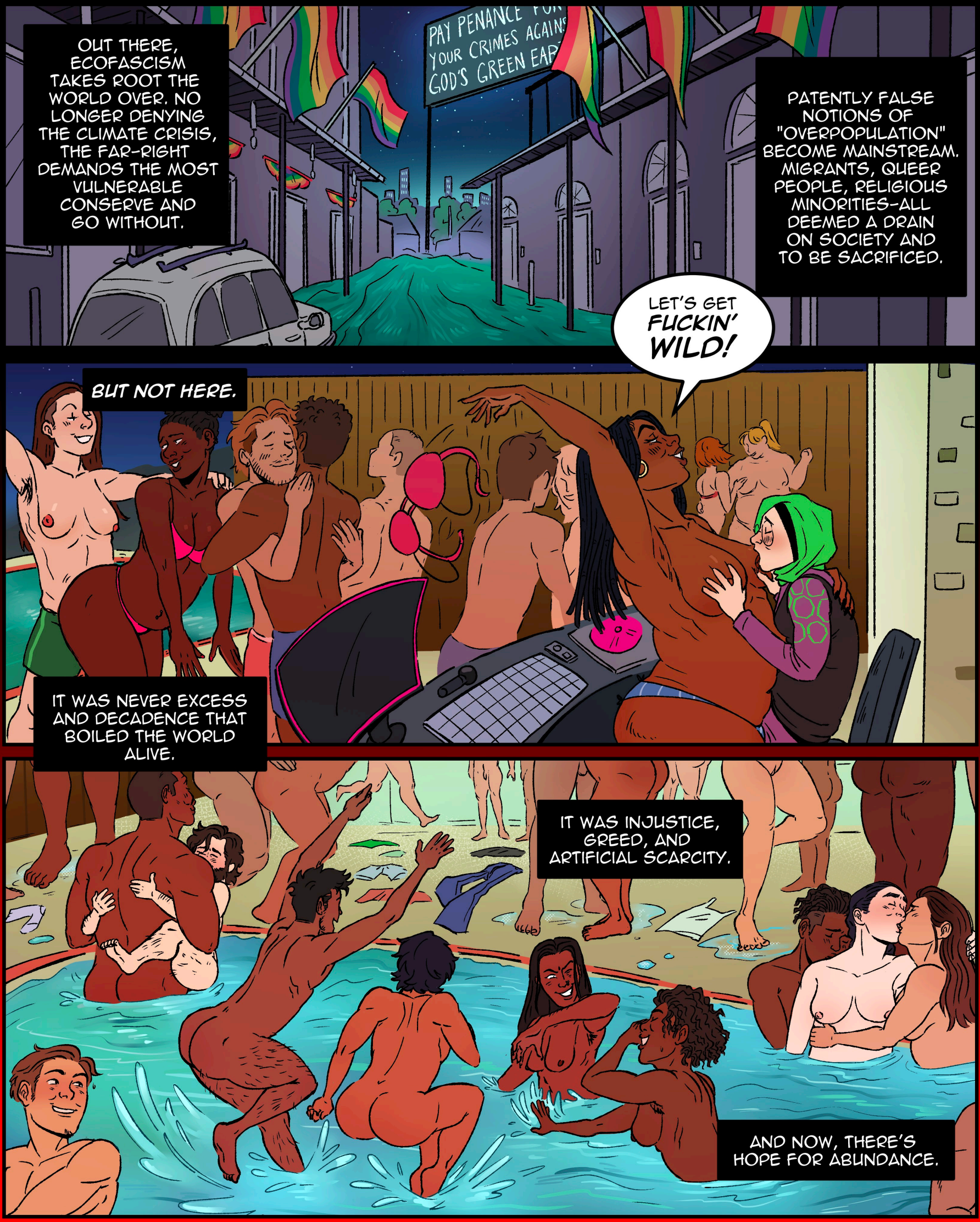
BUT HERE, THE V.I.P.s ARE YOU-AND-ME'S.

WOOOOOOO OOO!

WE TOOK THIS *VILLA* FROM SOME *RICH PIECE OF SHIT,* AND NOW IT'S *ALL FOR US!*

IN THE AUTUMN HEAT OF THE ANTROPOCENE...

...IT SOON SWELTERS TOO MUCH TO STAY DRESSED.


OUT THERE, ECOFASCISM TAKES ROOT THE WORLD OVER. NO LONGER DENYING THE CLIMATE CRISIS, THE FAR-RIGHT DEMANDS THE MOST VULNERABLE CONSERVE AND GO WITHOUT.
PAY PENANCE FOR YOUR CRIMES AGAINS GOD'S GREEN EAR
PATENTLY FALSE NOTIONS OF "OVERPOPULATION" BECOME MAINSTREAM. MIGRANTS, QUEER PEOPLE, RELIGIOUS MINORITIES–ALL DEEMED A DRAIN ON SOCIETY AND TO BE SACRIFICED.
LET'S GET FUCKIN' WILD!
BUT NOT HERE.
IT WAS NEVER EXCESS AND DECADENCE THAT BOILED THE WORLD ALIVE.
IT WAS INJUSTICE, GREED, AND ARTIFICIAL SCARCITY.
AND NOW, THERE'S HOPE FOR ABUNDANCE.

WESTERN DECADENCE

The mercury's up real high
So we have to shed our clothes
Baby, let me wet your bulb in the sunshine
We're on fire in the light outside
When the whole world is drenched in sweat
What do we have left but thirst?
They stopped us all before
But if now the ice is thawed
We oughta get rawwed, oh yeah

Turn the music loud and let your inhibitions go
Don't let no ecofascist tell you no, no, no, no, no

They can preach morality
Scream about Western decadence
Eh, I say fuck 'em all
It's a deep Malthusian evil
To say this party can ever slow

Jet planes and beef have to go
But eatin' ass is carbon neutral
Your desert golf course, no
But we'll take back
Your chateau for our love shack
If we have to turn off some lights
Well you know the dark is best
For fuckin' all your friends all night
No need to ration the smashin'
I think we'll do all right, oh yeah

Turn the music loud and let your inhibitions go
Don't let no ecofascist tell you no, no, no, no, no

They can preach morality
Scream about Western decadence
Eh, I say fuck 'em all
It's a deep Malthusian evil
To say this party can ever slow
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We can queer our energy
Power the world with lovin'
It's green to be sexual
When there's too much mercury
Slam the hips of Bacchus
And let it go

What we savin' the world for
If it means we can't get down?
What we turnin' the heat down for
If the cool don't stick around?
Why live off sunlight if it ain't lit?
Y'all think that we trite? Don't give a shit
Ain't givin' this wine to hypocrites
No semblance of temperance
Should ever cross your lips

They can preach morality
Scream about Western decadence
Eh, I say fuck 'em all
It's a deep Malthusian evil
To say this party can ever slow

They can preach morality
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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We can queer our energy
Power the world with lovin'
It's green to be sexual
When there's too much mercury
Slam the hips of Bacchus
And let it go

FEATURING VOCALS BY JON GRECO

INDIA IS THE FIRST TO GLITTER THE SKY.

YOU EVER *WONDER* IF WE DID THE *RIGHT THING?*

WITH MILLIONS PERISHING FROM HEAT, THEY DON'T ASK FOR THE WORLD'S PERMISSION.

THE SEAL BROKEN ON GEO-ENGINEERING, OTHER GOVERNMENTS AND NON-STATE ACTORS SOON FOLLOW SUIT.

LIKE, IF MY *GRAN* COULD SEE ME NOW... EVERYTHING *SHE* DID WAS ABOUT *SAVING LIVES.* AND WE JUST... *KILLED.*

I KILLED PEOPLE. FOR *WHAT?*

TECH SAVES US. BACK TO NORMAL.

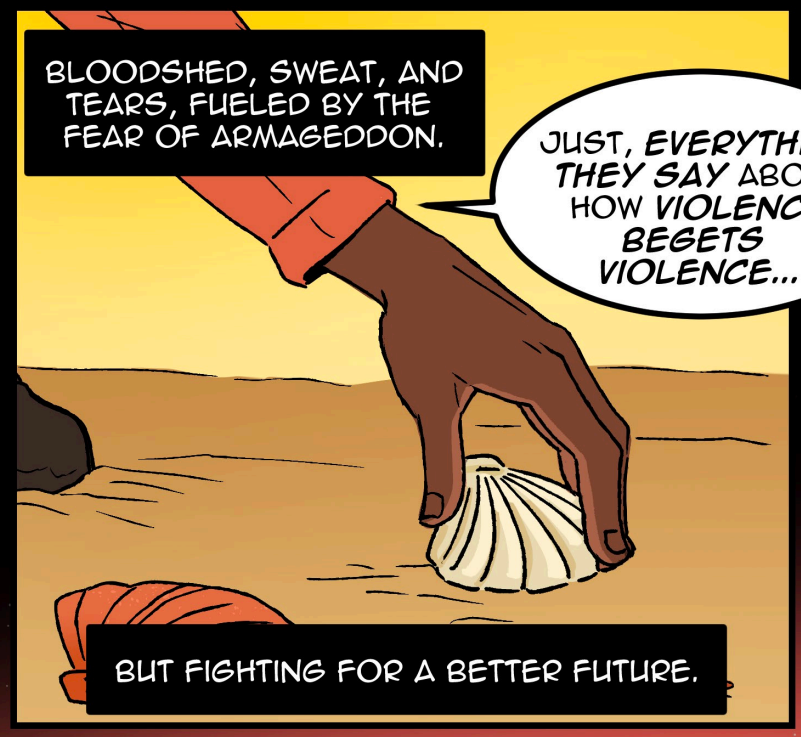
BUT SHE *DEFENDED HERSELF.*

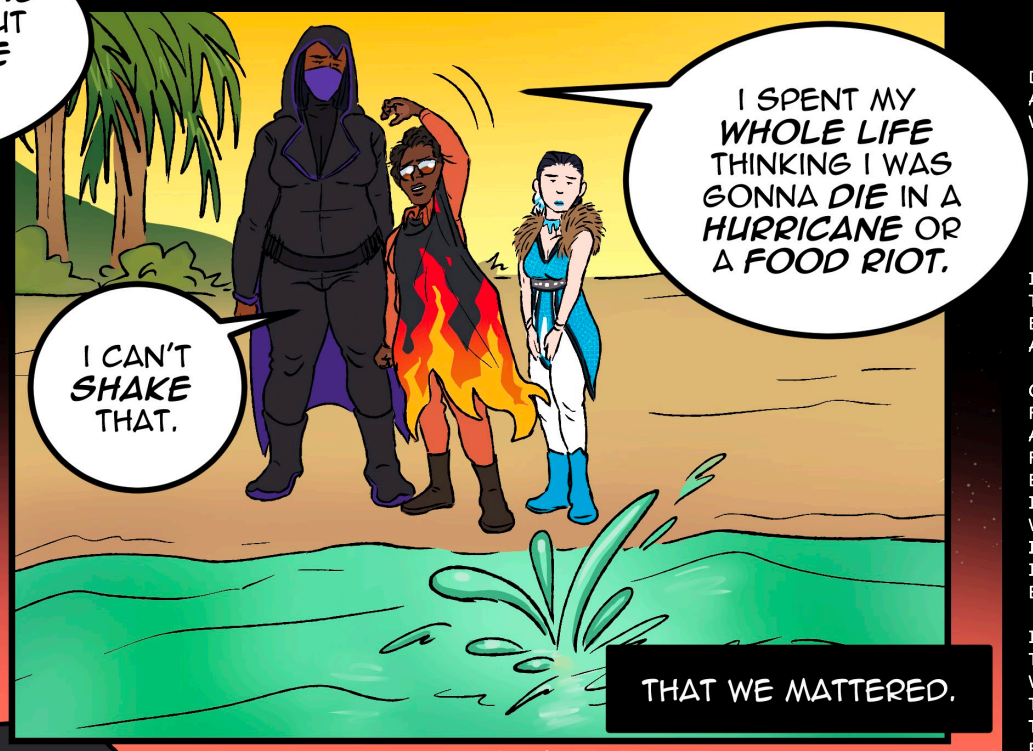
TEMPERATURES FALL. SO DOES THE RATE OF DECARBONIZATION.

MY GRANDMOTHER WAS ALMOST *ASSAULTED.* WALKING HOME ONE NIGHT.

NOT A *DAY* WENT BY THAT SHE DIDN'T THINK OF THE *MAN SHE KILLED.*

BUT SHE *KNEW,* IN THE MOMENT, *IT'S THIS OR DYING.*


BLOODSHED, SWEAT, AND TEARS, FUELED BY THE FEAR OF ARMAGEDDON.
JUST, EVERYTHING THEY SAY ABOUT HOW VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE...
BUT FIGHTING FOR A BETTER FUTURE.


SO WE SMILE AND TELL OURSELVES THAT IT WON'T END WITH CAPITAL SAVING ITS GRAY WORLD.
I SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE THINKING I WAS GONNA DIE IN A HURRICANE OR A FOOD RIOT.
I CAN'T SHAKE THAT.
THAT WE MATTERED.

EULOGY FOR THE SUNSET

Do you remember the way we'd dance
Along the cliffside by the shore
With all of the boys we loved
As the sun sank 'neath the waves?
In that perfect place
That we'd carved for ourselves
If we could taste just one whole night
With no one out there left to fight

I held you as the downpour washed
The glitter from your cheeks
But today there's tears raining from your eyes
And glitter in the sky

Orange and aubergine
Fade from the horizon
A dead channel of television
For the rest of our lives
Every day and night in the sky
I miss the ocean foam
Without the taste of chrome
In every breeze from out to sea
It may be this or dyin'
But I won't stop cryin' for what we once had

I suppose it was naïve to believe
The melodrama of apocalyptic visions
Would rip our world at the seams
They say they're buyin' time
To take the carbon down
But all I hear's the sound of them pumping out
More of that mirrored ash in the clouds

And all the breaths we've yet to take
Are 'cause we had to face
That impossible, harrowing choice between
The sunset or the waves

Orange and aubergine
Fade from the horizon
A dead channel of television
For the rest of our lives
Every day and night in the sky
I miss the ocean foam
Without the taste of chrome
In every breeze from out to sea
It may be this or dyin'
But I won't stop cryin' for what we once had

What do you do
When you've lived a whole lifetime
Knowin' we were all gonna die?
What do you do
When you wake up still alive?
What do you do
When the sun sets in the sky
For the last night of your life?
What do you do
When you wake up still alive?
What do you do
When you've lived a whole lifetime
Knowin' we were all gonna die?
What do you do
When you wake up still alive?
What do you do
When the sun sets in the sky
For the last night of your life?
What do you do
When you wake up still alive, alive, alive?

Orange and aubergine
Fade from the horizon
A dead channel of television
For the rest of our lives
Every day and night in the sky
I miss the ocean foam
Without the taste of chrome
In every breeze from out to sea
It may be this or dyin'
But I won't stop cryin' for this
Orange and aubergine
Fade from the horizon
A dead channel of television
For the rest of our lives
And I won't stop cryin' for what we once had
I won't stop cryin' for what we could've had
I won't stop cryin' for what we should've had

FEATURING VOCALS BY ZEKE XANDER

HOLD ME

You held me as you cried
As the tears rolled down
Your swollen cheeks
I spoke of jumping off the side
You held me
As they drew
The blood
And I quivered uncontrollably
From being given all those drugs

I need to be held sometimes
Or I'll die
Hold me for the rest of my life

And I'll try
To hold myself together
When you need to take some time
A-whoa, you held me
All those nights
And I owe you something in return
So here I'm gonna stay
Right by your side

I need to be held tonight
But sometime
I'll hold on tight and help you survive
We all need someone to hold sometimes

You held me when the world said no
I was called abomination
But you never let me go
I know you'll hold me
When they come with their guns
By the time they're banging down my door
You'll have given me the strength
I need to run

I need to be held sometimes
Don't ask why
Hold me for the rest of my life
Hold me close and make it alright
Hold on tight and keep me alive
And I'll hold you for the rest of our lives

THE WORLD HASN'T DIED. WITH THE EVILEST OF THE EVIL MOMENTARILY SCARED STRAIGHT, THEY RELEASE THE PLANET FROM THEIR CHOKEHOLD LONG ENOUGH FOR IT TO GASP, WEAKLY, FOR AIR.
PERIMETER BREACH!
VRRRR!
N-NO...!
THE WORLD HASN'T DIED. BUT THE WORLD HASN'T CHANGED EITHER.
NOT AGAIN.
NOT AGAIN!
KICK!!
TA TA TA TARATATA TA

SEVEN!

STILL NO WORD FROM TANGO OR FOXTROT!

ANYTHING FROM MOONLIGHT?

RA TA TA TA

NOTHING!

CHOPPA CHOPPA CHOPPA

BOOM

BLAM

GRAB THE LADDER!

BOOM!

M-MOM?

TH-THAT'S MY MOM!

T-THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM...

WE HAVE TO HELP MY MOM!

TURN AROUND! THAT'S MY MOM!

I-I DON'T HAVE A SHOT! I DON'T HAVE A SHOT!

I'M **FRIGHTENED**, CARLO. I'M **TERRIFIED**.

TA TA TA TA TA TA
RATATATATATATA

RIOT RIOT RIOT RIOT

I THINK ABOUT EVERY **BEAUTIFUL THING** IN OUR LIVES.

YEARS AGO...

HOW **ALL OF IT** COULD JUST **DISAPPEAR.**

EVERYTHING I'VE **EVER WANTED** IS RIGHT HERE, IN **MOMENTS LIKE THIS.**

BUT I CAN'T **SLEEP** AT NIGHT BECAUSE I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT **LOSING THIS.**

WE **LOSE THIS** IF WE **DO NOTHING.**

BUT **MAYBE** WE **LOSE THIS** IF WE **RISK EVERYTHING!**

I **KNOW!** IT'S **HARROWING!** IT **TEARS ME APART** INSIDE!

BUT **HOW MUCH TIME** IS EVEN **LEFT?** HOW **LONG** DO WE HAVE?

I DON'T KNOW, CARLO.
I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN IT'S TOO LATE...
...AND TO WONDER WHY WE DID NOTHING, IF THE YEARS WE HAD LEFT WERE WORTH IT.
BUT I WANT THOSE PRECIOUS YEARS.
WE FAILED, CARLO. WE DIDN'T DO IT.
TA TA RATATATATA TATATATA TA TA
WE DIDN'T DO IT-
SLASH AAAGH!
YES, WE DID.

DECADES MORE

New Year's Eve 2019
The champagne burst as you kissed me
At midnight, that's when I realized
That we were both in now
For the fight of our lives
A countdown ends, but one more remains
As you whisper to me,
"This was the best year I ever had"
"Next year we'll do it all again"

We tried so hard, did all we could
But they broke our backs
And they broke us good
And now we're looking out from the inside
As they're tearing down
The house where our friends died
And I close my eyes and I try to hide
I won't admit that I'm too scared
To risk these precious years we have
For a chance at decades more, however slim

I would never take back
A single punch we threw
Or any platform that we blew
I don't regret a thing
I just wish that it mattered
I wish that these hands
That stroked your face
Could'a wrestled the titans to their graves
And given me one more day to love you
But I never had the strength

They set the stage before we were alive
And I'll be damned
If that means we shouldn't'a tried
But I'm no Superman, I'm small and terrified
Why was it all up to us, anyway?

We tried so hard, did all we could
But they broke our backs,
And they broke us good
And now we're looking out from the inside
As they're tearing down
The house where our friends died
And I close my eyes and I try to hide
I won't admit that I'm too scared
To risk these precious years we have
For a chance at decades more, however slim

Maybe there was something more
We could've pushed ourselves
Till we hit the floor
Given up all our comforts
And all of our dreams
Shed every scrap of our dignity and humanity
And maybe it wouldn't end this way
I hold your hand as I contemplate
If my fear was a failure
If I'd even had it in me

But that last bit of rage
Will keep me by your side
As we high-tail it out
And find new places to hide
Until there's nowhere left to run
From the scorching heat
Of the midnight fucking sun
And as you close your eyes for the last time
I won't admit I was too scared
To risk those precious years we had
For a chance at decades more
For a chance at decades more
For a chance at decades more, however slim

New Year's Eve 2029
The fireworks go off as we realize
We didn't do it, this is it

OUT WITH A BANG

Your heart's dead as a bleached coral reef
When the ice melted you felt not a thing
But some of us survived, motherfuckers
And if you'll feel one thing,
You'll feel our pain
As you're slain

I'll treasure every molecule
Of the old world that remains
But we could have had so many more
If you'd done anything
If you knew this, I don't notice
But it all matters the same
There's a rope around your neck
'Cause you're to blame

Good night, good day
Guess we'll all die young anyway
Good night, good day
If this is the end, let's go out with a bang

History isn't made by the greats
But sometimes a single man
Needs to be thrown in the grave
'Cause you could have ended all the genocide
With one act of regicide
But you gave us up

I'll treasure every molecule
Of the old world that remains
But we could have had so many more
If you'd done anything
If you knew this, I don't notice
But it all matters the same
There's a rope around your neck
'Cause you're to blame

Good night, good day
Guess we'll all die young anyway
Good night, good day
If this is the end, let's go out with a bang

I know what it's like growing up as the child
Of a monster, but not of a murderer
And you ask us all why
We don't lay down our lives
When we've nothing to sacrifice
But you're in the room with him every night
And the billions of blood drops on his hands
Flow to yours every second
That you leave him alive
So when you're the only one left
Think of years left unspent
Slipping cyanide into your father's coffee

The future isn't permanent
It's a shifting, changing course
From paradise to oblivion
Oscillating back and forth
It's too late to save everything
But we haven't lost it all
The only thing for certain is
That you're up against the wall

Good night, good day
Guess we'll all die young anyway
Good night, good day
If this is the end, let's go out with a bang
Good night, good day
Guess we'll all die young anyway
Good night, good day
If this is the end, let's go out with a bang

FEATURING VOCALS BY JON GRECO

HOW DO YOU FACE YOUR HUMANITY AFTER KILLING SO MANY PEOPLE?

AFTER LETTING THE STREETS RUN RED WITH BLOOD?

DOESN'T IT AFFECT YOU AT ALL, THE *VIOLENCE?* YOU CAN JUST GO ON CELEBRATING, LIKE YOU NEVER WATCHED THE LIFE LEAVE SO MANY EYES?

WOO!

FOR YOUR *CRIMES* AGAINST THE *BIOSPHERE*, THE *PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET* HAVE SENTENCED YOU TO *DEATH!*

WHOOP! YEAH!

HOW DO YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT?

WELL, SAME WAY AS YOU, I 'SPOSE.

CHILD, YOU KNOW HOW MANY OF MY PEOPLE WHITE FOLKS JUST FUCKIN' OFFED LIKE WE WERE NOTHING?

AND THEN THEY PUT ON A NICE SUIT AND TIE, HAVE SOME FANCY PARTY, AND GO TO THEIR RESPECTABLE JOB THE NEXT DAY?

I WANTED A FUTURE WHERE I COULD VISIT MY COUSINS IN THE MALDIVES. BUT YOUR POOR DADDY'S PROFIT MARGINS HAD SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT.

YOU THINK MASS MURDERERS LOOK LIKE MUSTACHE-TWIRLING CARTOON VILLAINS?

YOU CAN'T EVEN GROW ONE.

GOOD ONE, MOONLIGHT.

WHEN DOES THIS END? IS THIS THE FUTURE YOU WANTED? ENDLESS VIOLENC-

IT'S MOONLI- ...THANKS.

MMF!

TICK TICK

INTERESTING QUESTION, THOUGH. WHEN DO WE STOP?

I DON'T KNOW. OIL MEN LOOK CUTE WHEN THEY BLEED.

HMM. WE DID SAY THE KILLINGS STOP WHEN THE EMISSIONS STOP.

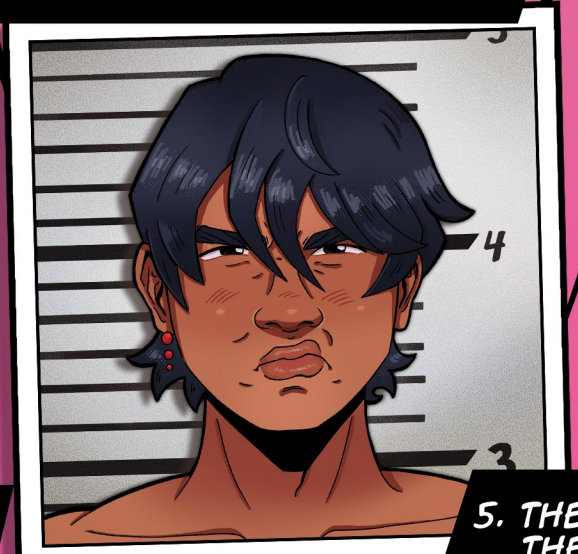
PERHAPS WE DO DESERVE A BREAK.

AFTER ONE LAST TIME.

LET'S GO OUT WITH A BANG.

1. MURDERERS!

2. MAGNIFICENT BASTARDS

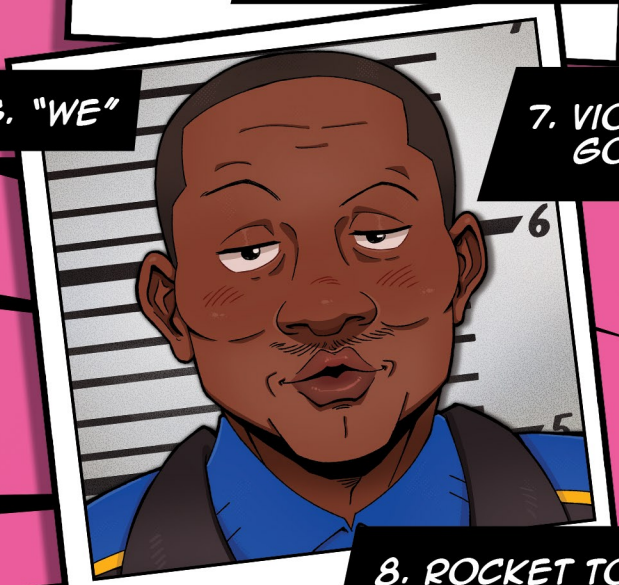


3. ATLAS'S SUICIDE

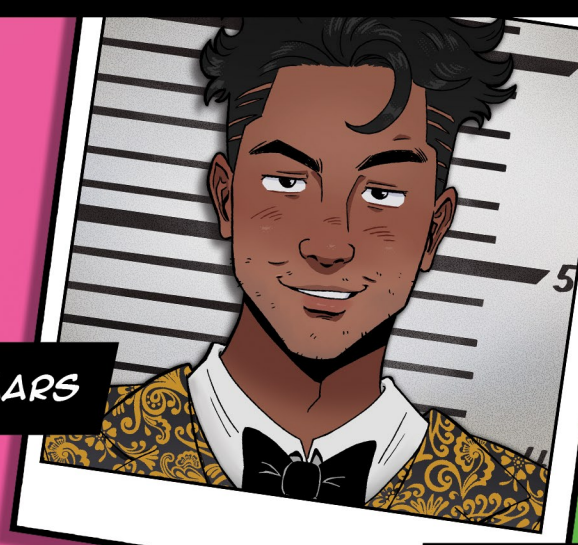
4. SAVE THE WORLD

5. THE THREAT OF DEATH AND STARVATION IS NOT THE GLUE HOLDING CIVILIZATION TOGETHER

6. "WE"



7. VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ANSWER BUT IT'S A GOOD OPENING STATEMENT



8. ROCKET TO MARS

9. WESTERN DECADENCE

10. EULOGY FOR THE SUNSET

11. HOLD ME

12. DECADES MORE

13. OUT WITH A BANG

SAY-10.COM

ARTWORK BY MUERITOS

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